

A DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

LEWIS and the DEVIL

In the Last Year of His PUISSANCE:

WITH HIS

Last Will and Testament.

*Severe on yo^r french King
13. Sept. 1690.*

LEWIS.

W^Hat shrill and eccho'd Groans possess my Soul?
And what curs'd Fiends my Spirit thus controul?
Sure the Dog Cerberus begins to howl.

DEVIL.

Make haste away, I have prepared room
In burning Flames, for Thee to have thy doom;
For trifle, for thy fatal Hour is come.

LEWIS.

Am I not Lewis, King of great Renown,
Who all curs'd Hereticks did trample down?
Who dare withstand my Diadem and Crown?

DEVIL.

Thou must submit, both Soul and Body too,
And leave behind thee all thy Popish Crew:
Thy Pomps must drop into the Shades below,
And thy curs'd Pride must have an Overthrow:
Thou straight along to Hell must with me flee,
There end thy Days in endless misery.

LEWIS.

Didst thou not promise to prolong my Years,
And keep me free from Jealousies, and Fears?
By bloody Hands thou givest power to spill
The Blood of Hereticks, even at my Will.
Shall not thy dearest Friend escape thy Rage?
Will nothing but my Blood thy Wrath assuage?
Thou tookst thee as a Friend, therefore forbear
To hinder me in my Enjoyments here.

DEVIL.

Didst thou expect that I shou'd take the pains
To help thee in thy Plots, and have no gains?

LEWIS.

My Diadem and Crown I'll freely give
To escape Eternity, and live.

DEVIL.

How canst thou live on Earth, and never dye?
Canst thou escape a vast Eternity?
No sure! therefore make haste, and come away,
Thy Soul and Body shall my Ransome pay;
In Hell's consuming Fire there shalt thou be
Tormented still with Viper's cruelty.

LEWIS.

Since I no longer with thee can prevail;
Since all my worldly Power begins to fail:
Since I have left no time for to repent
My Sins, here's my last Will and Testament.

The WILL.

Unto my Heir I Crown and Scepter leave,
And my Tyrannick Actions do bequeath
To him, that he may ne'er delight in Peace,
But daily Wars and Rumours may increase;
That he his Subjects may oppress with Fear,
And all the Hereticks in pieces tear:
And when has laid his Kingdom all in gore,
Be hurried hence unto the Stygian shore,
And there enjoy me, who am gone before.

To *Jenny* I bequeath a Prince of *Wales*;
And would another, but my Vigour fails:
But hope my Son and Heir so kindly prove,
To dandle *Molly* in the Charms of Love.

My Subject's Curses to the Pope I leave;
And thus my Worldly Goods I do bequeath,
My stinking Tomb an Epitaph needs none,
Since Soul and Body to the Devil's gone.

FINIS.